

FACTS FADS FALLACIES

Dealing with Personal Magnetism, Telepathy, Psychology, Suggestion, Hypnotism, and Spiritualism.

By
EDWARD B. WARMAN, A.M.
Eminent Psychologist and Hygienist.

SPIRITISM. Clairvoyance.

In one of the leading cities of Ohio, a very prominent man, a man of influence and of unlimited credit at the banks, suddenly disappeared, and, with him, about \$20,000.

Being in the city at the time, I persuaded a young lady to allow me to hypnotize her in order that she might become clairvoyant, and, thereby, find the whereabouts of the man—being known to both of us.

She consented, but informed me that she did not believe in either hypnotism or clairvoyance, and that nobody could hypnotize her, as many attempts had been made and all had failed.

I encouraged her to express herself freely; in fact, helping her to unload her objections. When this was done she became passive (a necessary condition) and in less than two minutes (no longer time is ever required with a good subject) she was so thoroughly hypnotized that she passed readily into a clairvoyant condition.

She went (clairvoyantly) to his home. She saw him quietly leave his home in the night (I say "saw" him, as that is a clairvoyant expression). She saw him board a train, saw him leave the train at Detroit, Mich.

At this point I interrupted her. I said: "I think he has crossed the river into Canada." She informed me to the contrary. I mention this for the purpose of impressing upon you the fact previously expressed, viz., a clairvoyant is not influenced by a suggestion as is one who is merely hypnotized and does not pass beyond that stage.

To resume. She said: "I see him go up Jefferson avenue (she had never been there). I see him turn down Woodward avenue, then out Griswold street, then to the left on Clinton street, and he is now in a story-and-a-half house (giving the number).

Again I interrupted her by asking her how she knew it was Detroit and how she knew the names of the streets. To this she replied (mark her words): "I move among the throng, but they know it not. I cannot talk with them, but I can see. I saw the name of the station and, on the lamp posts, I read the names of the streets; in fact, just the same as if I were there in body. But I have not told you all. Listen! He has shaved off his whiskers and has assumed another name."

I asked for the assumed name and she gave it without hesitancy. The next day I called on the wife, gave her a diagram of her husband's movements, the number of the house and his assumed name. She sent a friend to communicate with him. He found him without difficulty. He inquired for him first by his right name, but was informed that no such person was there; then by his assumed name. He was ushered into his presence. He was, as described, whiskerless.

Truly this was remarkable, and the more so as a first experience. Was it telepathy or clairvoyance? In this case, as in the previous one, I am frank to admit that all the knowledge obtained may have been telepathically received; but was it?

Premonitions and Impressions.
All premonitions are impressions, but all impressions are not premonitions. An impression may be the foreshadowing of a pleasurable event; a premonition is the foreshadowing of approaching danger or evil. It does not follow, however, that the event foreshadowed is inevitable. The shadow is merely to warn you of imminent peril which, if you are wise, you will divert by heeding the warning.

Do not mistake imagination for premonition. All premonitions are intuitive, and all intuitions are correct. Whenever you are in doubt, it is not intuition; intuition never doubts. When anyone asks you, "What makes you think so?" and you can answer with positive assurance, "I do not think it, I know it," that is a true impression on which you may rely.

Is it possible to foretell the future? Only in a limited degree. I think that God, in His all-wise providence, has dropped the curtain between us and the future in the general, everyday affairs of life; but upon certain occasions, as in approaching danger, He kindly lifts the curtain to give us fair warning that we may avert that which would otherwise prove disastrous.

How does He acquaint us with this? By a special dispensation of providence? I think not. God is no respecter of persons. That which we call "soul" is but a spark of the All-soul. It possesses all the potentialities of God Himself, but in a much lesser degree—in the proportion of the spark to the whole.

The subjective mind is the mind of the soul; the highest faculty is intu-

tion. It possesses the power to perceive that which is not within the range of the objective vision, and it is always on the alert for the safety of the one in whose temple it dwells; its first law being self-preservation.

This subjective perception is what I believe to be true clairvoyance, and when the warning is heard, true clairvoyance. I give, herewith, an illustration in my own experience that cannot possibly be accounted for by telepathy; therefore, a clear case of clairvoyance.

Away back in the "seventies" there occurred what was known, and is still remembered by many, as "the Ashtabula disaster."

Before the train pulled out from Boston I had entered the fated sleeper with the intention of securing berths for a lady friend and myself. We had barely taken our seats when I heard—or thought I heard—these words: "A wreck, a wreck; get out of this car, get out of this car."

I recognized it as the still small voice that came to warn us of approaching danger. It was a premonition received through impression. The impression came as words; yet I cannot say that I actually heard them (clairvoyantly) and I am sure that my friend did not hear them. Suffice it to say I heeded them. We left the train, but not until I resorted to a little ruse to meet the prejudice of my friend, who had no patience with what she called my "eccentricities"—lacking better word.

To prevent any anxiety on the part of her father, at whose request I was accompanying the daughter, I immediately telegraphed him of our delay; and then, after the train had pulled out, I took back the little white lie I had told for the purpose of saving her life—and mine.

She did not believe my premonition—not then; not until we had passed safely over that great gully at Ashtabula, and she, with a shudder, looked down into that yawning chasm and partially retitled what "might have been" had it not been for my "eccentricities."

As is well known, not a passenger escaped from that sleeper; hence the question naturally arises, "Why should you be the only one to receive the warning message?"

I am not sure that I was, but I am sure that I was the only one who heeded.

I am often asked why I did not warn the others. Because the warning would not have been accepted and I would have been looked upon as a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Besides, had the passengers really believed it, there would have been such an exodus that the railroad officials would have probably "looked me up" and then "looked me up" for disturbing the peace.

During the civil war I was, for a short time, quite ill while in camp. A comrade called at my tent and insisted on my going with him to his tent. I told him that was out of the question. He was impelled by an unknown power (which neither of us then understood) and would not take no for an answer. He raised me to my feet and, with the aid of another comrade, I was being helped to his tent, which we had not yet reached when, with a terrible crash, a tree fell across my tent, deeply burying into the ground the blanket upon which I had just been lying.

Telepathy? I think not. Clairvoyance? Without doubt. My own subjective mind undoubtedly perceived the danger, but for some unaccountable reason my objective mind did not get the impression. My comrade was impelled to act quickly. The only telepathy was from my subjective mind to his, but that was after the danger had been perceived by my subjective mind. It was, it is true, a roundabout way, but the object was accomplished. It could not have been telepathy, as by no possibility could the knowledge of the accident-to-be have been in anyone's else mind.

The night before Lincoln's assassination he had a dream of his approaching death, and on the evening of its fulfillment he was narrating it to Stanton. Booth's mind was necessarily intent on his murderous plan for days before the assassination, and especially so during the hours immediately preceding the moment when the murderous scheme was to be put into operation. Lincoln, you will observe, was duly warned, but he heeded it not. His subjective mind perceived it, not necessarily clairvoyantly, but possibly telepathically, as it existed in the mind of Booth. In either case it furnishes us a fine example of premonition; its origin, its accuracy; its benefits, when heeded; its inevitable results when unheeded.

In conclusion I desire to say that the foregoing articles have been written with the hope of interesting those who have heretofore given no thought to the subjects included in "Psychic Phenomena;" to clear away the clouds that have obscured the broader view of the seeker after psychological facts; to encourage everyone to step over the threshold into that larger life that awaits them here.

"The 'Now' is eternal and will be forever;

There is not a future, nor will there be ever;

We clutch no 'To-morrow,' no matter how clever,

It's 'To-day' and 'To-day,' to-morrow comes never.

I know it's so here, and it may be forever."

If you wish to come in touch with your higher self you should learn to listen to the promptings of that still small voice—the sleepless sentinel on the watchtower of the human soul.

Listen well, heed well, and all will be well.

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The American Girl Who May be a Queen



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

Washington.—If the king of Italy should die, and his son, the prince of Piedmont, and his cousins, the duke of Aosta and the count of Turin, and the duke's two sons, the Prince Amadeo and the Prince Aimone, then the duke of the Abruzzi would be king.

It is a remote possibility, of course, but the chance has given great international significance to the impetuous suit of the popular duke of the Abruzzi for the hand of that athletic and charming American beauty, Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of the senator from West Virginia.

But should it all go right; should the king of Italy give his consent—to say nothing of Mr. Elkins—then the senator's daughter will come nearer being a queen than any American girl has ever been before.

There is nothing in the Italian law to prevent it. If the marriage is legally consented to by the king, the duchess of the Abruzzi takes her place among Italian royalty. And should chance make her husband king, she would be queen. Think of it—an American girl queen of Italy!

Everybody in Washington knows Miss Katherine Elkins. She made her debut in 1903—she is 25 years old now. Her father is a multi-millionaire, owning railroads, mines and lumber enterprises enough to capitalize the kingdom of Italy. Her grandfather, Henry Gassaway Davis, once a senator, too, is also a vastly rich man—so rich that he ran for vice-president once. Much of this wealth will eventually go to Miss Elkins. Just now Miss Elkins has \$2,000,000 which she can call her own.

Insisted on Her Own Way.

When Miss Elkins was ready to enter society she showed of what stuff she was made. She ruled against anything that savored of just a debutante tea.

"If I can't come out without this nonsense," she declared, "I won't come out at all."

So it went on, season after season, until the duke of the Abruzzi came here. He had met American girls before, but here was a different kind.

This particular pair met at the Italian embassy. The duke had come to America in command of the Italian warships sent to take part in the festivities at Jamestown.

It was very apparent that Miss Elkins made a deep impression upon the duke. He not only lost no opportunity to be near her, but he developed a ready wit in making other opportunities.

The Italian warships sailed back to sunny Italy. The duke was in command and perforce had to go along. Washington forgot he had ever been there.

But not the duke!

Nor Miss Elkins.

In the summer she went abroad with her mother, as usual. It chanced that the duke of the Abruzzi ran across the Elkins party in Paris. They met again in Vienna.

Drawn Back to America.

Though there was no Italian fleet to come here in the autumn, the duke of the Abruzzi found it necessary to come to America. He also chanced to be wherever the Elkins family were. When Miss Elkins came to New York, a few weeks ago, the duke was there. When it was announced that she and her mother were going to Florida for a brief outing, the duke of the Abruzzi decided to run down there, too.

They went to Palm Beach. Nobody there knew the fascinating Italian who was so devoted to Miss Elkins, and somehow it happened that no one got a chance to meet him. Had Palm Beach only known it—Miss Elkins' "new man" was none other than a pos-

sible successor to the Italian throne!

The little party journeyed on to St. Augustine. There the secret came out. People began to ask questions. Could a prince of the blood royal make honest love to an American girl? Would not such an alliance be morganatic of itself?

Italian law was looked up—no, if the king consented, it wouldn't matter who the wife was at all. Queens in Italy enjoy but courtesy titles, anyway; should the duke of the Abruzzi become king his wife would surely be queen in name.

Then came the gossip.

Was there an engagement? Had the Italian duke proposed to the American girl? What would the king of Italy say? What would Senator Elkins say? Did they love each other? What would the dot be?

Elkins Family Say Nothing.

The Elkins family became quite mute. No announcement could be had from either the young woman in question or her distinguished father. Meanwhile the cables to Rome were kept hot. Would his majesty give his consent? His majesty didn't want to. He felt that a royal prince should marry into a noble family.

"But I love her," was the gist of the duke's cable in reply.

And what could the poor king do? Meanwhile Senator Elkins had to endure all kinds of chaffing in the senate.

On March 17 Mrs. Elkins, Miss Elkins and the duke arrived in Washington from Florida. The party breakfasted together at the Elkins home, and afterward the duke went to the Italian embassy. Then he disappeared. Bland smiles were the only answers to inquiries for the duke. At the Elkins home no information was forthcoming.

It was very plain that the duke must do the talking first. But he wouldn't. He stayed in Washington for a few days, constantly calling at the Elkins home. Society got out its blue books. Soon it was discovered that he wouldn't have to give up his chances to the Italian throne should he make an American girl his wife. Further, it was explained that the marriage need not be a morganatic one, provided the king of Italy gave his consent.

However, there was all kinds of delightful mystery in Washington and Rome. Not a word that was authoritative was formally spoken. The Elkins family were mum; so was the Italian court.

"It's All Right," Says the Duke.

Then the gallant duke decided it was time to take a hand himself. It wouldn't do to leave Washington by train in the regular way—that would attract too much attention. So he had Miss Elkins take him to Baltimore in her automobile, and there he took the train to New York, where the Lusitania was waiting to sail.

"It's all right," was all he would say before the ship sailed with "Signor Sarto," as he choose to call himself.

Promptly the cables began to buzz. Rome declared that the duke of the Abruzzi was coming home in order to get the king's full consent to his marriage with the American girl; that she would become a Roman Catholic; that her father would be ennobled, and that the marriage would take place here next autumn.

Once the dispensation is obtained from the Vatican, the marriage may be solemnized anywhere in the world. The rule of the church, however, is that the bride's parish is the proper place for the ceremony. Because of this the marriage—if there is to be one—will be celebrated in the United States and not in Italy. Italian law requires that the minister of the interior and the president of the senate be present at the wedding and certify to it. That is, if it takes place in Italy; but if it takes place in America, the presence and certification of an Italian consul or ambassador is all that is necessary.

The duke earnestly objected to any talk about a dot. He is rich in his own name; he declared that if Miss Elkins was to have any money it was none of his affair.

Duke Born in Madrid.

Luigi Amadeo, now duke of the Abruzzi, was born in Madrid in 1873, just 13 days before his father abdicated. He has two older brothers, the prince of Aosta and the count of Turin. Before them, however, comes the king of Italy's son, Crown Prince Umberto, four years old. The prince of Aosta has two sons, six and four years old, all of whom, beside the count of Turin, stand between the duke of the Abruzzi and the throne.

Though he stands high in the Italian navy, the duke of the Abruzzi gets his chief claim to fame as an explorer and mountain climber.

Nine years ago he ascended Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, one of the tallest American peaks. Two years later he sought the north pole. One of his

party reached 86 degrees 33 minutes north, beating Nansen and holding the world's record until Peary beat it.

There is a strain of old-time chivalry in Prince Louis that has figured largely as an incentive to his deeds of daring. He may be said to have inherited it from his father, the late duke of Aosta, who was such a vivid reminder of the knights of the middle ages that he seemed to be out of place in modern government.

Elected to the throne of Spain, which he accepted only with the utmost reluctance and from a sense of duty, he contemptuously abandoned it after three years, rather than submit to political compromises which were rendered necessary by the situation, but which constituted too great a strain upon his conscience.

King Amadeus Respected.

The Spaniards are perhaps the proudest nation in Europe, and the people are imbued with a sense of personal dignity which is carried oftentimes to absurd lengths. The disdainful manner in which King Amadeus flung aside his scepter and doffed his crown because he could not reconcile his notions of honor and chivalry with theirs created a profound impression among them. Although he was never loved, it is doubtful whether Spain ever had a ruler more deeply and universally respected.

The ex-king was the only prince of the blood of his day who could claim the true of a battle-scarred veteran, and who could boast of having been wounded in action. This was in the battle of Custoza, in the war of 1866, in which he commanded one of the divisions of the third corps of the Italian army. His son, the duke of the Abruzzi, too, bears honorable marks of injuries sustained on the battlefields, not of war, but of geographical science. One of his hands lacks three fingers, frozen off in his memorable Polar expedition. The account of that trip, by the way, is entitled "Farther North Than Nansen."

The duke was born in Madrid, while his father had the throne. It was only a few days prior to the abdication of Amadeus, and he was baptized not only as a prince of Savoy, but also as an infanta of Spain.

His Name Free from Scandal.

Clean-lived and with his name untouched by any kind of scandal, he entertains the most romantic affection for his aunt, Queen Marguerite, who played the part of a mother to him after the death of Queen Victoria, while he was yet in infancy. He has shown his devotion in many touching ways. When he sailed and explored Ruwenzori, he gave her name to its loftiest peak. He is the third of three brothers, the two elder being the duke of Aosta and the count of Turin. He has also a half-brother, Count Salemi, the issue of his father's marriage to Princess Letitia Bonaparte.

The fortune of the duke of the

Abruzzi is estimated at \$2,000,000. He has less than his brothers, owing to the fact that he has met personally the expenses of his various expeditions, but there is still more property yet to be divided among the brothers. He has a private income from his mother's estate of about \$10,000 a year. As an admiral of the royal navy, he receives an annual salary of about \$6,000 and from the royal treasury he receives close to \$100,000 a year.

As the duke spends nearly all his time exploring the wilds and the most dangerous corners of the world, it is reasonable to suppose that his wife will be his companion in his future expeditions. As Miss Elkins is a thorough sportswoman, she is doubtless as capable as any man of scaling mountain peaks. She has even intimated to some of her very intimate girl friends that she and the duke will spend their honeymoon in an expedition to some out of the way corner of the globe.

Met at Washington Ball.

The duke met Miss Elkins at a ball in Washington given by Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson. Col. Bromwell, aide to President Roosevelt, introduced the handsome young Italian prince to the senator's daughter.

Everybody in Washington exerted themselves to entertain the duke when he was here officially, but it was left to Miss Elkins to make the ten-strike.

"Let me do something for you," she said, chatting one day with the duke. "I'll give you a dinner, a dance or a theater party."

"I'll take them all," answered the duke promptly.

So, one day, many of the friends of Miss Elkins received cards to a dinner in honor of the duke of the Abruzzi. After the dinner Miss Elkins announced that they would attend the theater, and off they were whirled in autos. After the theater the entire party was whizzed up to Rauscher's, the Sherry's of Washington, where Miss Elkins had invited a party for dancing.

To his amazement the duke had enjoyed a dinner, the theater and a dance all in one evening.

But that is nothing new for Miss Elkins. She has always had her own way. She is the only daughter of the senator by his second marriage. She is a girl of brilliant mind, much originality and pronounced will power.

If, by a rare chance, she should be called on to grace a throne, Washington knows she would do it well.

Emperor Dislikes "Flats."

Emperor William of Germany commends the English dwelling house system as against the flat system prevalent in Berlin and other German cities. "The houses even of the poorest workmen," said the emperor, "have a comfortable, homelike atmosphere, with an abundance of flowers inside and outside."



MISS KATHERINE ELKINS